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1926

February Number

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# *The* Register

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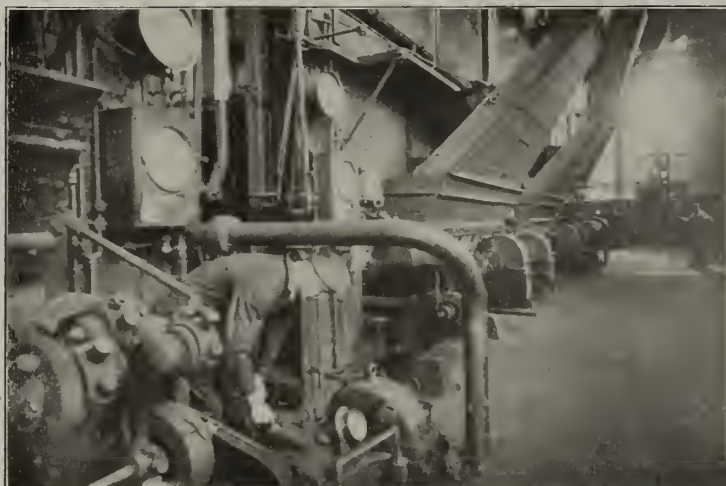
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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

## The Best Policy

By Arnold Isenberg

THE warden paused in front of Cell 327, drew out his keys, and escorted Robert Simmons of the New York *Telegraph* into the presence of Albert Demeshek, the notorious criminal.

Night was rapidly descending over the huge prison, and the few remaining rays of light barely illuminated the dishevelled features of the former "Master Mind" of crime. "The Fox," he had been called, and was also known under the less familiar—that is, to the police—cognomens of "Bebig," "Beeze-bub," and "Mephistopheles." He looked like anything other than a Master Mind, however, as he sat on the hard wooden bench, dully gazing upon these two intruders to his meagre domain. His mouth was drawn in a taut, straight line; his hands hung motionless by his sides; his forehead was wrinkled into an expression of hopeless interrogation; and those same eyes which had formerly been able to pierce the brain of a hapless aide and ferret out his innermost thoughts now stared straight ahead with an expressionless and seemingly thoughtless gaze. Do not infer that Demeshek was not in full possession of his faculties, for this strange apathy represented only a hopeless resignation to his fate and an unemotional indifference to his surroundings.

Simmons was at once interested in this strange specimen of humanity. He had been sent to Sing Sing by the New York *Telegraph* for the purpose of securing the life story of the famous confidence man and swindler, but he saw now that he would have great difficulty in eliciting any information from the stone-faced creature who sat before him. Simmons, however, was noted for his tenacity in search of a newspaper story, and in his easiest manner, he advanced into the cell apparently unmindful of the unresponsiveness in Demeshek's face.

"Hello, Beby," he said cheerfully, taking a seat beside the convict; ("Beby" had been the name by which Demeshek was known to his familiars in the days of his glory).

"Huh?" exclaimed the convict, startled from his reverie by the sudden arising in his mind of ancient memories associated with that name, "Beby."

"Beby," continued Simmons, "what would you say if I offered you a chance to get out of here before your sentence is up?"

"I'd call you an un-impeached falsifier. But wait until the warden goes away and I'll talk over this thing with you."

Since the warden was right in the room at the time and, of course, heard every word, Simmons understood that Demeshek had lost none of the power of sarcasm for which he had been famous throughout the New York underworld.

"On the level, old man," he continued, undaunted, "what would you give to get out four or five years before you're supposed to?"

"I'd give as much as sixty-seven rubles, providing you guarantee to support me in luxury for the rest of my life—or yours."

"See here, Demeshek," expostulated the reporter, "I mean business, and I didn't come to make empty promises. Now listen to my plan and tell me how you like it."

Simmons' plan, as he outlined it, was very simple, and very effective. Demeshek would tell him the story of his life, and he would write it up very pathetically, stressing the convict's environment, evil companions and lack of opportunity as factors which had brought about his departure from "the straight and narrow path." He would also point out that Demeshek, since he had first come to Sing Sing seven years ago, had become a very docile and harmless creature, who attended chapel every Sunday, played the banjo with aptitude, and spent his spare hours in reading poetry. The *Telegraph* would publish this fiction in installments under the title of "Beby Demeshek's Own Story; Former Master Mind of Crime Writes Gripping, Soul-Stirring Autobiography." After the first few installments had been published, letters asking for Demeshek's release would begin to pour into the Governor's office. A great wave of sentiment in favor of "this poor victim of circumstances" would sweep the country. The National Humanitarian Society would draw up a petition which would be signed by thousands of ministers, educators, and social workers. The State Parole Board would look into the matter, would discover that Demeshek had been faithfully building roads for the past seven years, would release him on parole—and that was all there was to it. Hadn't "Classy Clinton" Hebbard done the same thing, and "Jumpin' Joe" Sawyer, and R. S. Jacobson, the cleverest swindler before Demeshek's time?

At the mention of Jacobson's name, Demeshek, who had seemingly relapsed into his habitual reverie, awoke with a start.

"Is Jacobson, the man who taught me the game, out of jail?"

"Yes. The *Dispatch* published his life story, and now he's out on parole."

"I'd like to get a look at the old boy again," mused Demeshek. "I'll bet he's up to his old tricks."

"Well, here's your chance to see him again," replied Simmons, quick to grasp the opportunity. "Let's see—your term ends in ten years. I'll guarantee to get you out in two."

Demeshek, dazzled at the prospect of once again seeing his old teacher, consented.

## II

"It was a cold winter night," began the fifth installment of "Beby" Demeshek's soul-stirring story (procured at great expense for readers of the New York *Telegraph* exclusively). "Great gusts of swirling, ravaging wind, tore through the streets of the great city. The sidewalks were as slippery as glass, and the street was almost uncrossable. Even the most wretched cur sought shelter on a night like that. Well do I remember that cursed night, for the events of that night are stamped as indelibly upon my memory as though branded with a hot iron.

"In the little back room of our dry goods store, sat my father, Abel Demeshek, and I.

"I was seventeen years old at this time, and, as I told you in the last installment,

I was just beginning to be swerved from the path of honesty and integrity by the evil companions with whom I, who was at that time an innocent and unsophisticated young lad, had become associated. I was not yet, however, a criminal, and at times the pangs of conscience would awaken within my breast and reproach me for my waywardness. When I left off yesterday, I told you that it was my determination at the age of seventeen to find out whether honesty or dishonesty was the better policy, and to govern my actions through life accordingly. And it was upon this same dreary night in early January that my career in crime began to be shaped.

"It was ten o'clock in the evening. My father and I were discussing business. For the last ten years my father had been running his dry goods store on the principle of snatch as snatch can. Every January, in order to increase his profits, he would double the prices on his goods and place a big sign over the door of the store, announcing a "Great Bankruptcy Sale," a "Mammoth Fire Sale," or a "Cut Price Selling-Out Sale." The gullible public would be attracted by the flaring signs, and thus would my father make ill-earned profits. On this particular night, we were considering the advisability of conducting the annual "sale." I, who had not yet become fully inured to dishonesty, was opposed to my father's policy on general principles. I told him that the public would certainly not be misled for the thirteenth time by his "Selling-Out Sale," and that, profit or no profit, come what may, the great principles of honesty should be adhered to.

"Little was old Abel Demeshek deterred from his grim purpose by such fanciful, unbusiness-like theories.

"My son,' he said to me, 'there is much that you needs must learn if you would be a successful business man. Tomorrow the sign goes up.'

"Then did Satan whisper into my ear the plan that proved my ruin.

"'Albert,' he whispered diabolically, 'here is your opportunity. Here is your chance to determine the better policy. If your father's efforts to cheat the public succeed, dishonesty will triumph and you will join the forces of crime. If they fail, you will know that honesty is the best policy.'

"These seeds of perdition fell upon fertile ground. My romantic brain quickly grasped this chance of settling the question which had for three years been perplexing me. If my father's dishonesty failed, I would engage in some legitimate business. If it succeeded, I would become a denizen of the underworld and astonish the world with my diabolical cleverness and ingenuity. The die was cast.

"It was nearly two weeks later when I learned that my father's business had almost totally collapsed. The public had refused to be fooled again, and my father was on the verge of failure. With a holy joy in my heart, I swore never to swerve from the path of honesty. Since it was Sunday, I decided to go to church. Gaily, blithely, I started out, but had not taken more than one hundred steps when I met my father, who, waving a huge wad of bills, told me how he had found a pocket book containing \$5,000 in cash in the pocket of one of the second hand coats which he would otherwise have sold.

"At once a complete transformation came over me. From an innocent, light-hearted youth I was changed into a criminal of the deepest hue. Instead of going to church, I turned about and hastened to the nearest subway entrance for cars. I advanced deep into the opening until I could no longer see light.

"'Now,' thought I, 'I am in the underworld.'

"My musings were interrupted by a harsh voice which inquired what I was doing



there. The voice belonged to a tramp who had found a bed by the side of the car tracks the night before. I told him my story, and he offered to chaperone my debut in crime. I gladly accepted his offer.

"Thus was begun a career in crime which forms a chapter by itself in the annals of the underworld. Great were my triumphs over the police, the public, and the preachings of the press, which will be described to you in succeeding installments. Great were the honors accorded to me by my colleagues and subordinates. But now as I sit on the hard cot of my miserable little cell, I rue the night upon which my destiny was decided. I curse the idea which was the cause of my downfall. Well do I know that my name has become a byword of terror in every household in the land, but rather would I be the most obscure peasant in the world than have the reputation which my evil actions have secured for me.

"If I were released now, I would retire to a little house far from the rumblings of the big city, live a simple life, and try to live down my past wrongs by doing much good by means of charity and other philanthropic efforts. The light has dawned upon me, and I am now staunch in my belief that honesty is the best policy.

("Read tomorrow's *Telegraph* for Mr. Demeshek's thrilling account of his experiences in crime.")

### III

In Cell 327 of Sing Sing Prison there resides a gray-haired veteran, who is called by all the other convicts, "Dad." "Dad" is truly a father to the inmates. He cares for those who happen to have fallen sick, prevents strained relations among the prisoners, and makes their leisure moments cheerful and happy, by singing songs and telling them stories about his adventures, combats with the police, and hair-breadth escapes before his incarceration in the "House of the Two Chants," some thirty odd years ago. "Dad" has come to be regarded by the prison officials as an institution whose loss would leave a definite place to be filled in the affairs of the prison. He is the most trustworthy of the "trusties," and he occupies a position involving almost as much responsibility as the warden's.

"Dad," as we have just said, is a kindly, benevolent old man. He quickly attracts the friendship of new convicts and chats admirably and intelligently with all visitors—that is, all visitors but newspapermen. "Dad" has a curious antipathy for newspapermen. Whenever a representative of the press used to come 'up the river' to get "Dad's" views on prohibition, or to find out how he felt on his sixty-seventh birthday or to get from his own mouth an account of the circumstances which caused his imprisonment, "Dad" positively refused to be interviewed. So at the present time, aspiring young reporters, instead of announcing their vocation, visit the prison as private citizens, have a pleasant half hour talk with "Dad," and then publish what "Dad" has said, under the heading of "a private interview with the famous 'lifer'."

The Chief Warden, who is "Dad's" closest friend, does not hesitate to inform visitors of the reason for the old convict's dislike of newspapermen.

"Dad," (whom you have by this time recognized as our old friend, Demeshek, although both his personal physiognomy and his disposition have undergone astonishing changes since we last saw him), had, some twenty-five years back, been serving a term of seventeen years for swindle, forgery and the like. He had been approached by a young reporter, Simmons by name, who had offered to secure his release on condition that he let him publish the story of his life. Demeshek had assented and had told Simmons his life story, which being regarded by the reporter



as not pitiful enough, had been changed so as to please the *Telegraph's* readers. Simmons prophecy had been correct in all but one particular. Demeshek's "life story" had stirred up great agitation in favor of the "poor, down-trodden criminal." The New York Parole Board had taken up Demeshek's case, and he would have been released on parole but for the fact that the Chairman of the Board's wife's brother-in-law had been a victim of one Demeshek's confidence schemes. The unfortunate Demeshek, however, had known nothing of these circumstances. He knew only that he was in prison instead of in his former haunts. So when Simmons had again visited him two years later to secure his permission for the *Telegraph* to take out a copyright on his "life story," which had proved so successful, that journals throughout the country were copying it, Demeshek had not minced matters but had fractured Simmons' chin with a vigorous kick, had taken a bite out of his life, and had performed several other more or less serious operations on the reporter's body. For this "assault with intent to kill," he had been sentenced to life imprisonment. Hence "Dad's" dislike of newspapermen.

The other day, a representative of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, visiting "Dad" under the guise of a member of the Convict' Relief Society, asked him whether he thought honesty or dishonesty was the better policy.

"Stranger," said "Dad," "you see me here a man advanced in age. For thirty years I have been living here free of charge. There is no rent, no income tax, no expenses for me. I get up at eight o'clock every morning and go to sleep at nine in the evening. My work consists in seeing that the others work. This is the ideal life. Stranger, take my advice. Go out and kill somebody."

*Finis*



## The Big Parade

The story of "The Big Parade" is the story of a great battle for democracy; of a struggle between right and wrong, between man and man, between nation and nation. It gives us the plain facts about the Great War. It shows the terrors and horrors through which those who took part had to go; and it shows the great courage with which the men of both sides fought. In short, it is the story of that awful, horrible, bloody thing called War.

Yet, terrible as it is, War calls forth one of the most beautiful qualities of man namely, patriotism. During times of peace, patriotism is comparatively hidden in the breasts of men, in *our* breasts. Then, at the sound of a bugle, and the beating of a drum, it bursts forth in all its glory and sublimity.

It was patriotism that caused Jim Apperson to enlist in the army of volunteers who crossed the seas in 1917. Bidding a tearful farewell to his sweetheart and his mother, Jim set out on the "grandest lark of history." He soon became acquainted with Slim and Bull, types representing the American doughboy. When Jim's company arrived in France, it was quartered in the hay-loft of a little barn. Jim soon fell in love with the owner's daughter, a pretty French peasant girl. For this reason he was the only one in the entire company who did not wish to leave the village, and go to the front. But War regards the sorrows and joys of no man. The command to move soon came. Everything was suddenly alive in the little village. In the bustle, Jim almost failed in his endeavor to say good-bye to his French sweetheart whose name was Melisande. Melisande tried to hold back the truck on which Jim rode away, by allowing herself to be dragged along at the end of a chain which hung from the back of the truck. When, at last, she was obliged to let go, Jim threw a number of souvenirs to her, among which was an old shoe.

From the streets of the village out into the open country moved the army trucks filled with men, moving up, up, up to the front. Once at the front, the men lined up in attack formation. Then there began the advance through the forest. Man after man went down before the German machine guns, yet on and on, always toward the Germans moved the soldiers. At last they were obliged to take refuge in holes made by German shells. Now followed some of the most vivid scenes ever pictured. The thunder of siege-guns came incessantly from the orchestra.

In one of the shell-holes were the three musketeers of modern times. While they were sitting there, expecting death any moment, an officer came to them with the command that one of them should go and wipe out a certain German who was doing much damage with a "toy cannon," as the officer called the machine gun. It was decided by a spitting contest that Slim would be the one to go. Soon after Jim and Bull became impatient and followed their pal. They found Slim out in No Man's Land. As they were swearing vengeance over his dead body, Bull was killed and Jim wounded.

Jim was taken to a hospital. He failed in an endeavor to find Melisande. Finally the war ended, and he returned home. He found that his American sweetheart had fallen in love with his own brother. His parents were overjoyed to see him back again, but his mother was heart-broken when she first saw him. One of Jim's legs, the one in which he had received a German bullet, was missing from the knee down. Still, lame as he was, Jim told his mother about Melisande and soon after started back to France. There, in the fields of her native land, Melisande once more met her American, this time to keep him always.

N. Z.

## The Melting Pot

by William E. Harrison

**N**ERVIA is a small independent absolute monarchy in southwestern Europe. It's so small that most map-makers intentionally or unintentionally fail to include it on any of their maps of continental Europe.

"Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. *Honor the king.*"

So read Jean Cardinal Du Rieux, Archbishop of Nontessy, Primate of all Nervia, from the Scriptures, in the gray, sombre Cathedral of Nontessy, on a certain Sunday afternoon in January of the year of our Lord 19—. With the ease of speech of your typical hypocrite, he took care to emphasize the last injunction—*Honor the king*. As he did so, his eyes wandered to the sacred royal pew, wherein was seated the last of the House of Bruntes, Louis, "by the Grace of God, King of Nervia," and possessor of countless other hereditary, titular, secular, and what not, titles. The King's eyes flashed back a signal that he was well-pleased. His Grace saw and was likewise pleased. He preached a lengthy, meaningless sermon to the rabble in the gallery, prophesying that it was God's will that the House of Bruntes endure forever. "Mon enfants," said he, shedding with much effort, a premeditated and deceitful tear, "we are much grieved, His Majesty and I. Believe not the Republicans and the like, for their teachings are as poison, to be avoided. *Honor the King!*"

Having finished his sermon with the aforementioned words, he and his episcopal train passed out of the Cathedral. An American-imported automobile awaited him. He stepped into the car, followed by his brother, the Abbe Du Rieux, and the car sped on its way. A few moments afterwards, the King, accompanied by the officers of state, left the Church. In his wake, the rabble followed, but there were no acclamations of joy. Louis began to wonder if his throne were as secure as the Cardinal had said it was.

The next day, three men "convened in the cellar of Rene Champoux' wineshop. They designated themselves as the "Committee for the Public Good of Nervia." After moistening their mouths with many deep draughts of wine, they "came down to business," as we should say.

"Pierre, He (meaning the King), must go, for He is become a menace to the people," remarked a short, stout, villainous creature, russet-bearded, and having all the marks of your true Bolshevik.

"Quite right, Ivan," responded the singular individual addressed as Pierre, a tall, thin Nervian, "but have we the backing of Russia? Shall we get help if we need it?"

"Russia is the friend of all who are oppressed," was Ivan's glib reply.

"Then we strike tomorrow!" shouted the third member of the triumvirate, a bull-necked Russo-Nervian, named Jacques Ziwinsky.

"We strike! We strike!" the other two took up the cry.

On the following morning, a liveried chamberlain rushed into the royal bedroom unceremoniously, and exclaimed, "Begging Your Majesty's pardon, but the rabble is trying to burst open the gates of the palace courtyards! And it seems as though they'll succeed; we—"

"What!" cried King Louis. "Order out the national regiment!"

"We've already done so, if it please Your Majesty, but the rabble is winning



the fray, Majesty. His Eminence, the Cardinal, is already beyond the borders of Nervia."

"Nick," this to a sturdy Numidian, "get the car ready. We leave Nervia immediately."

By the time the rabble had won the fight, the Majesty of Nervia was traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour. In one hour he was past the borders of Nervia.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### SOME TIME LATER

Nervia is now a Soviet Republic, à la mode Russe. The "peepul" (namely, Ivan Norowitzi, Pierre Delsart, and Jacques Ziwinsky) rule.

One day, reading in *Le Grand Journal* that money was a care to the American people, Louis de Bruntes, sometime King of Nervia, resolved to relieve us of some of our cares. Therefore, he had sailed for the land of the free.

On landing, the first lesson he learned was this: All foreigners are equal. He was told that he *must* stay at Ellis Island. Even though he protested loudly to the red-headed immigration official, "But I can't be put with the peasant scum. I'm the King of Nervia," it was all in vain; the official yawned wearily. Released from Ellis Island, he presented himself at the homes of Mrs. Van Der This and Mrs. Van Der That as the King of Nervia, but that gained him no admittance; American society was already sick of bogus European royalty.

In dire circumstances three weeks later, with twenty cents in his pocket, Louis was walking down Fulton Street in the lower East Side. He looked into a restaurant window and saw a sign bearing in large characters, the words—"Dish-washer wanted." With a sinking heart, that his station had become so low that he must apply for a *dish-washer's* position, he walked into the "cafe."

"I have seen your sign, monsieur," he said simply.

"What's your name?" asked the burly proprietor, pleasantly. He liked the French salutation.

"Er-er,—Louis Bruntes," Louis replied hesitantly.

"Guess you'll do," was all the Frenchman said.

And so, Louis, "by the Grace of God, King of Nervia," became Louis Bruntes, dish-washer of Nardini's Eating Emporium. Three months later, Louis Bruntes took out his first naturalization papers, having decided to leave Nervia to the Nervians at home and abroad. His familiarity with the French language earned him a position on the faculty of a small New England college. Last winter I met him on Tremont Street, near Bromfield, and the following conversation ensued:

"Hi, Louis!" was my greeting.

"Hello, how's business?" asked he.

"Great. Say Louis, will you let me write your life story for the *children* of the Latin School?"

"Certainly. Put it in the *Register*. What will you call it?"

"'The Making of an American'." And I did!

FINIS





On January 18, at the regular Monday morning assembly of the upper classes, a practice was revived which was discontinued immediately after our exodus from the old Warren Street building, and which had not been resumed until the morning of the aforementioned January 18. Immediately following the reading of the Bible and the rendition of a piano selection by George R. Dunham, Jr. '27, the Stars and Stripes were borne on to the platform by one of our sterling captains, and all joined in a fervent salute to the Flag! Thus was revived one of the most hallowed traditions of the Latin School. May it continue until the end of time, and grow in beauty and solemnity as it increases with age!

\* \* \* \* \*

The class of 1926 held a dance in Repertory Hall, Friday evening, January 15, 1926. Though the affair was not strictly a senior dance, about fifty of the sixty couples present were members of Class I. The Dance Committee had decorated the spacious hall very tastefully, and the orchestra furnished delightful music.

The patrons and patronesses were: Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bowker, Mr. and Mrs. William Looney, Colonel and Mrs. Penney.

If all the affairs run by the class of 1926 are as well enjoyed by those attending, the social year of the class may be said to have been an excellent one.

\* \* \* \* \*

Before this issue of the *Register* will have come out, the first team will have engaged Revere High School on the subject: Resolved: "That the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed." The B. L. S. team, composed of Ralph B. Rogers, (Capt.), Arnold Isenberg, and John J. Wright will uphold the affirmative.

On March 19th, in our own school hall, our first team will meet Boston College High School on the subject: Resolved: That the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed. This time, however, the team will uphold the negative. This debate will be the first Interscholastic Debate ever held in the School Hall. The two teams will be well versed in the subject, having engaged in debates on the same question previous to March 19th. The subject, one of vital importance at the present day, is one that should be understood thoroughly by every citizen. To make this debate a success, every effort is being made to have competent judges, a prominent man as chairman, and a well-rounded and completely-handled affair. A very small admission charge, enough to cover expenses, is being asked in order to permit anyone who wishes, to come.

The following tribute to the late Maurice Sidney Coburne, B. L. S. '17, appeared in the Bowdoin *Orient* of January 27th.

To the Editor:

Two fine things remain vividly in my memory of Maurice Coburne. His quick response to the idealistic in literature lent to his own writing and talk, wherever he was placed, a colorful emotional quality that characterized his personal conduct in his own quest for the best. Secondly, or better put as part of the first, he had keen sociological sympathies that were not theory. To him a piece of work, for the necessary earning of money, was not merely a piece of work. He looked for, and saw the human element involved. Among many things that he did, he served for a time in settlement work in New York. More recently, as teacher of literature, he exemplified the definition of that subject as a record of life.

These few details suggest the heart of the man,—that he was to my personal knowledge ever generous in rivalry, and warmly appreciative of the best in others. His early death will be recognized by his classmates as removing from their number one of their ablest, and his close friends feel something more, not needed in words among themselves, yet of real meaning to newer men in college,—to those who never knew him. Any two people who are meeting life as idealists more or less closely together will comprehend. Life's final chances sometimes spare an idealist much, and they also crystallize the very thing he seeks. That never removes the personal shock and sorrow of a man's friends for his passing, but it helps it, and it is all that matters to the man himself, which is the important thing. Maurice Coburne, Bowdoin '21, achieves this distinction.

—Robert W. Morse '21

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The School Notes column of a school magazine is undoubtedly the feature of most interest to the students, since it deals with the incidents and events in which the students themselves participate. But in order to make this column worthy of its name we must have some material which can truthfully be called *School Notes*. It is impossible for one man, the School Notes Editor, to gather and record all information which might be used in this column, and so this responsibility rests squarely upon the shoulders of the School. You room reporters especially, why not live up to your titles? Classroom incidents, reports on assemblies, speakers, and school affairs, all are welcome and will perhaps make interesting reading. Let's wake up and make the School Notes column a credit to the *Register* and to the Latin School.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you ever happen to be in a particularly sombre mood and feel as though you are in need of a good laugh, drop into the Sanctum near Room 118, and look at the pictures of by-gone classes. An abundance of hair on the upper lip was evidently a mark of good breeding some thirty or forty years ago, and this, combined with staff derby hats, almost unbelievably high collars, and enormous, flowing neckties, managed to make ludicrous spectacles out of otherwise handsome young men. But let us not laugh too loudly. Who knows but that at some future date a member in good standing of the sixth class of the Public Latin School, which will then perhaps be entering on the three hundred and fiftieth year of its notable existence, will pause in front of the portrait of the Class of '26 and will sagely remark to an appreciative companion: "My! but they raised curious specimens in those days!"

Such is fate!



## THE LIBRARY

A library, the fundamental need of a well-educated man, has at last been opened in the Latin School. Hitherto, we have regarded the School library as a secret sanctuary to which the common rabble was not admitted, but we now find that the doors of this sacred place have been thrown open to the public, and a variety of interesting works are on exhibition.

The librarian is Miss Helen Burgess, Vassar, A. B. 1918, Simmons (School of Library Science), B. S. 1919. For the past two years she has been organizing school libraries in Cleveland, Ohio. This year she has been giving special courses in the Library School at Simmons and is continuing with this for two hours a week for the remainder of the year. We may consider ourselves fortunate in having secured the services of so capable and well trained a librarian.

The library is now at the service of the student body. Let us use it, but not abuse it.

\* \* \* \* \*

As was predicted in the *Register* a few months ago, the School Regiment has been divided into two smaller regiments, each of which will compete for separate prizes in Prize Drill. Contrary to expectations, however, there will be no regiment composed solely of "pony" companies, but each regiment will consist of both the elongated and the abbreviated types of company. The difficulty in having a Lilliputian regiment would be that the first prize winning company of such a regiment would not perhaps represent the real "class" of the School, and would therefore not be worthy to represent the School in the Inter-Regimental Drill. So it seems as if the little fellows will have to wait until they grow before they can secure the much-coveted stripe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Speaking of military drill, we know of an enterprising young lad who, when his captain gave the order, "Forearms horizontal raise!" summoned up enough courage to ask his top sergeant where and for how much money he could secure a second pair of arms!

\* \* \* \* \*

To those all too numerous unfortunates who have succeeded, after many unsuccessful attempts, in losing their locker keys, we say:

Don't pester the office with daily queries as to whether your key has been found. The person to see about such matters is Mr. Ryan, Room 200, who will very patiently assist you in finding the pass-key to the repository of your drill uniforms.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the public highways it has been found necessary, in order to relieve traffic congestion, to employ and enforce the term, "Keep to the right!" Right here in the Public Latin School we have a traffic problem which far outweighs those of such insignificant municipalities as Boston, New York, and Chicago. The central corridors between periods represent such hopeless examples of congested traffic, as no police sergeant could hope to cope with. And since it is impossible for loops or subways to be built within the building, we must turn to that simple formula, "Keep to the Right!" for aid. We believe that if every student would conscientiously observe this rule, an end might be put to those bloody onslaughts and pitched battles which we have witnessed since the beginning of the school year. Keep to the Right, and you're likely to get there!

## THE DRAMATIC CLUB

After weeks of hard practise, of long hours spent on rehearsals, the Dramatic Club, on February 16, presented its fourth production under the direction of Mr. Russo, "Second Childhood," a farce in three acts, by Zellah Covington and Jules Simonson. The misunderstanding occasioned by a mysterious transformation from age into youth by means of a magic liquid forms the plot of this play. Needless to say, the production was well acted and well received. A full account of the play appears in this issue of the *Register*.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE GLEE CLUB

Every Thursday afternoon a group of future Carusos, McCormacks, Chaliapins, and Giglios, gather in the Assembly Hall for the purpose of developing their talents under the able guidance of Mr. Hanslin, and the constructive criticism of their contemporaries. The Glee Club is now a well-established organization. Although no scholastic credit is given for membership in the Club, as in other schools, the number of members is comparatively large. The group is divided into bass and soprano, and both sections receive the helpful advice of Mr. Hanslin. A number of songs are being rehearsed, and, as usual, the Glee Club, in co-operation with the other Latin School musical clubs, will give a concert in May or June. Perhaps when some future opera season rolls around, a number of "native sons" will be among those who will perform at the Opera House.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE ORCHESTRA

Whenever a report appears in the *Register* concerning the orchestra, it invariably begins with the sentiment, "The orchestra is progressing by leaps and bounds." Monotonous as this may now seem to the readers of the *Register*, we can find no other which can so adequately express the progress of this organization under Mr. Wagner. On February 19, at the Fourth Public Declamation, a very creditable performance was given. Violins, saxaphones, and trombones blended in perfect harmony. The orchestra intends to give several performances in the future, which will undoubtedly be enjoyed by all.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE BAND

A more newly organized, but nevertheless successful musical organization is the Latin School Band, the only aggregation of musicians in the country of whose competition Sousa is afraid. Martial strains and heroic airs reverberate throughout the building on Monday and Friday afternoons, and are heard even on the farther side of Louis Pasteur Avenue. The Band is lying in wait for its day of triumph, Prize Drill. Then it will certainly make itself heard!

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE DRUM CORPS

The Band, however, will have serious competition on that day, for the Drum Corps does not intend to allow its bugles and drums to be drowned out by the greater variety of instruments of the former organization. The Drum Corps practises twice a week in the drill hall.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the second time this year Latin School has been favored by being awarded a number of complimentary tickets to the Arena. Although our allotment was some-

what smaller this time, a fairly large number of B. L. S. students managed to visit the Arena on Friday night, January 8 and witness the triumph of Harvard over the Bankers' Club of Boston by the score of three to one, and the defeat of the Angel Guardian team by Cambridge Latin School, 8-0. Many more thanks, Mr. Brown.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club opened its season of Interscholastic Debates by debating with Cambridge High and Latin School on the subject: Resolved: That the United States should adhere to the World Court under the Harding-Hughes Reservations. The second team of the Boston Latin School, composed of Harry Kemelman (Capt.), Maurice S. Levinson, and Aron S. Gilmartin, upheld the negative side of this question with Cambridge Latin upholding the affirmative. As the debate was broadcasted from Station WNAC, the Shepard Stores, Boston, no decision was rendered. However, from the many letters received, it is apparent that many people "listened in" and were well satisfied.

### THE JUNIOR DEBATING CLUB

In the semi-annual elections of the Junior Debating Club the following officers were elected:

C. W. Quirk—*President*

W. J. Hassan—*Vice-President*

A. S. Berger—*Secretary*

E. H. Hickey—*Treasurer*

F. M. Burns—*Sergeant-at-arms*

All of these young men are members of the Class IV.

A great variety of subjects has been thoroughly discussed at the weekly meetings of the Club. Child Labor, the World Court, Public Ownership of Railroads, Over-emphasis of Football, a separate Air Bureau,—all have been argued Pro and Con by our embryo statesmen and diplomats. Under the expert tutelage of Mr. Butler, the members have progressed from mediocrity to a fine and thorough knowledge of the principles of argumentation. We need never fear for the success of the Senior Debating Team as long as the Junior Club keeps sending up finished products, ready for the big test.

\* \* \* \* \*

So great and encouraging was the response to the "Forecast of the Year 1925" which was published in the *Register* last January, that we have herewith decided to publish another of the same nature for this one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six New Year. But whereas last year's prophecy was based mainly on hypothesis and was in many cases mistaken, (for example, it declared that the *Register* would publish a Humor Number in January, and any simpleton could see that this is not a Humorous Number), this year's Forecast is based so conclusively on past experience and statistics that it is well nigh impossible

for it to be wrong on any predictions whatsoever. Here it is!

January—Snow

February—Hail

March—Slush

April—Rain

May—Fair and Warmer

June—Same

July—Same

August—Hot

September—Equinoctial vibrations

October—Bright blue weather

November—Rain or Snow on Thanksgiving morn.

December—Good weather except during vacation week.



## The Latin School Library

*By Miss Helen M. Burgess*

The Latin School now has a library in the School for the use of the students and the faculty. This is the first school library in the city, most appropriately established in the *first* school. The room is a very attractive one with excellent equipment and many books, the gifts of alumni. Most of these books are old and more scholarly in style and content than a school library has actually need for. The first work before us is to buy new books, a work which is being done as fast as funds permit. These are of two kinds: The primary need is for books which will answer questions in connection with the class work; books for recreational reading, biography, travel, fiction, old and new, will be on hand for your leisure moments.

The library is open from 8.30 to 3.30 every school day. Before and after classes and during the lunch period you may come in freely. During class periods permits are necessary. These are obtainable from a class teacher, signed by the study room teacher and brought to the librarian. Work which could be done in the study room may not be done in the library; in other words, you come to the library to use the books which are there. Most of these books may be taken out for one week and renewed if necessary. Books that are needed for special topics are reserved for a short loan—only overnight. If you find a book which you want to read, hand it to the librarian, who will make the necessary record. Nothing may be taken from the room until charged to you.

The library belongs to you as students in the school and its aim is to serve you with its books. It can't do this successfully unless you make your wants known. It takes time to buy books, but sometimes books can be borrowed from other libraries to fill a need. Come in and browse about.

"We get no good  
By being ungenerous, even to a book  
And calculating profits—so much help  
By so much reading. It is rather when  
We gloriously forget ourselves, a plunge  
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,  
Impassioned for its beauty, and salt of truth—  
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

### NEW BOOKS

The *Register* will from time to time publish a list of new books which may be had in the library. Following is a list of some of the latest additions to our stock:

Beebe—"Edge of the Jungle."

Conrad—"Rover."

Franklin—"Autobiography."

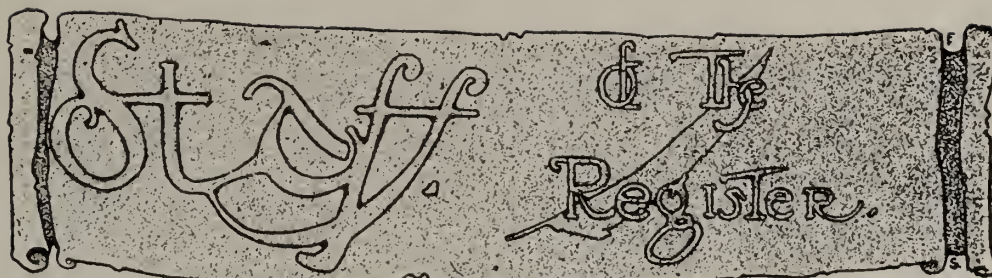
Hawes—"Mutineers."

Henderson—"Jungle Roads With Roosevelt."

Lanier—"Boy's Froissart."

Rostand—"L'Aiglon."

Van Loon—"Story of Mankind."



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---

**W**HE ARE now on the last lap of the school year. Have we gained or lost? We are here, of course, primarily to study. To every school, however, there is another phase in its curriculum apart from study. That other phase is its social life. By social life we mean the school events other than the studies; the clubs, the athletic teams; the rallies; and above all the family atmosphere, so to speak, which in so many schools seems lacking. Perhaps mention of athletic teams as a part of school social life seems out of place, but they give one of the best methods of gaining a newer, finer, deeper insight in one's classmates. It gives a deeper meaning of the school to the student. Perhaps for some reason or other you are unable to participate in athletics; then attend the different contests, become imbued with that intangible something called *school spirit*, and Latin School will come to mean something more to you than a place where one studies for college. To be a fine student is laudable, but after all your work here is done for the day, why not attend some school activity; join the dramatic club, the debating society; get a track suit and come down to practice in the drill hall after school? Track is at its height just at this season. Come down, train under the tutelage of Coach Fitzgerald, experience the thrill and good fellowship in competition and become acquainted with your schoolmates. Give exhibitions of your abilities at the Hall on Mondays, musicians. You declaimers, do the same once a month at Public Declamation. Perhaps it is too late to join the different clubs and musical organizations. Now is the time to determine to join them next fall. Contribute to the *Register*; it is *your* magazine in *your* school. You have a fine class of fellow students; meet them, like them; thus get acquainted with your school and "with all your getting get understanding." Those words which we do so often hear at Bible reading fit the situation perfectly. Understand all you daily come in contact with and it will mean something in later years as well as now. Become a "man about school." It will pay.

—G. R. D.

**P**ERHAPS you read in the paper a few nights ago about "Tex," a veteran circus elephant. It seems that last autumn Tex broke away, killed several persons and ruined thousands of dollars worth of property. They have decided that Tex must die—because he wanted freedom. It would have done no harm to send this elephant back to the jungle. But they have decreed that the elephant must be electrocuted.—Which is not the worst part.

The owner of the circus to which Tex belongs had the noble idea of sending out notices to different towns and having them bid on the elephant's death taking place in their communities. So this will take place in Little Rock. If it were a criminal man who was to be electrocuted, a man who killed purposely, the electrocution would be done in the privacy of a cell; but this is a dumb animal that does not know quite what it's all about, in spite of his intelligence; here is a dumb animal who killed, not realizing the crime; he must die, and they are going to make a public show of it.

For three days before the electrocution Tex will be on exhibition to the public. Probably it will be at this time that tickets will be sold for the electrocution.—They are going to make money. Undoubtedly they will sell thousands of tickets;—people will come from miles around to see the elephant electrocuted. They will flock into the great field about the platform; they will barely be able to wait to see "what happens;" their mean little hearts will beat madly inside them; their dried-up souls will squirm with excitement when they see Tex standing above them, strapped around the head and feet, gazing out over them with a bewildered look. Then after the beast crumbles, they will go home and tell their children and grandchildren about this electrocution for years to come.—This is the noblest of all God's creations. Pause and admire the only being with a soul!

*Haverhill Chronicle*

**T**HE fine New England climate enjoys a good reputation from Cape Hatteras to the Hellespont, and vice versa. We New Englanders pride ourselves upon our historical places, our great schools (particularly the Latin School) and our most excellent (give us another superlative), our most inclement—no, I mean—our most clement weather conditions. But the hosts of the Milky Way, or rather, the Snowy Way (contrary to all former precedents), took us by storm on Thursday, February 4 and Wednesday, February 10. Their onslaught was terrific; they literally covered us with snow. A snowy chaos came over the earth. Every object with which we had been familiar before assumed a different aspect. The street-cars, the cars (I should not include those manufactured by Mellie, not George R. Dunham's patron), seemed as if they were metamorphosed from their former shapes into others newer and more outlandish. Certes, everything was enchanted, it seemed.

E'er since the first advent of winter, *every* Latin School boy had wished that *there would always be school!* He cared not whether the weather man was inclement; he would "*brave* the wintry gale"; he would strive to be in school on time; he was not afraid of any storm. He hoped for school! He even earnestly (?) advocated the advisability of having longer sessions and harder (if that be possible), home-lessons. All to no avail. Lo and behold, on the aforementioned dates, a *vast* number of "eager seekers after knowledge" came to school. They were politely informed that there was no school. Their *joy* (I seem to be addicted to errors in this treatise), their *gloom* was inexpressible. I even saw one little Sixth Class youngster shed tears. Oh! to be treated thusly!

*W. E. H*



**"Second Childhood"**

## THE CAST

Sylvia Relyea . . . . .	<i>Alphonse Favreau</i>
Mrs. Wellsmiller, (Auntie) . . . . .	<i>Victor Crona</i>
Mrs. Vivvert . . . . .	<i>Howard Rubin</i>
Philip Stanton . . . . .	<i>Allan Rosenberg</i>
Professor Relyea . . . . .	<i>Harry Kemelman</i>
General Burbeck . . . . .	<i>James Herbert</i>
Marcella Burbeck . . . . .	<i>Frank E. Manuel</i>
Judge Sanderson . . . . .	<i>Arnold Isenberg</i>
Sheriff Johnson . . . . .	<i>John Gibbons</i>
Deputy Sheriff Stoker . . . . .	<i>Charles Roberts</i>

We heard, in January, that our illustrious dramatic club was to present, in February, a farce in three acts, entitled, "Second Childhood." The name was especially appealing to us seniors of long standing. The date was originally set for February twenty-second, but since this would be in Lent, the date was changed to the sixteenth. The night of the sixteenth saw us in the dressing-room, blushing despite ourselves as Vic Crona and Al Favreau slipped into their respective gowns. Vic, the recognized Julian Eltinge of B. L. S., made a hit as "Auntie." You looked so prim in your neat gingham dress, Vic! Favreau, as Sylvia, with his flaming red garters and sundry other feminine equipment, made so perfect a maiden that the dark young suitor, Al Rosenberg, played his part with a natural grace and feigned nothing. That embrace was so realistic, Al! Kemelman was delightful as Dr. Relyea, the absent-minded and fundless professor. When he produced his bottle of "elixir," and explained its marvelous properties, the general was not the only one to show interest. Some of the seniors pricked up their ears at the prospect of rejuvenation. The general, no other than our future West-Pointer, made a first-class object for experiment—even better than a jackrabbit. But the poor old fellow didn't have a chance with the dashing young Phil. What pathos was expressed in the simple request: "O Sylvia, don't call me General—call me Henny!" Young Frankie Manuel made things interesting for the general. As a Spanish peasant-girl, Frankie stands without a peer.

"Si, si, senor." We wonder how long he has been studying Spanish. Those three words were well done—done to a turn, in fact. Concentration is what did it.

Mrs. Vivvert, a character well interpreted by Howard Rubin, is one of that well-known type of neighbor who "wouldn't *think* of imposing upon anybody's good nature." Arnold Isenberg, as Judge Sanderson, quite creditably displayed his profound knowledge of civil and criminal law.

When Sheriff Gibbons and deputy sheriff Roberts arrived on the scene, we at first thought we were in London, so hard-boiled they were—just like a pair of Scotland Yard men.

The school and the school's friends enjoyed the play immensely. It was proclaimed by the audience to be the funniest play yet staged in the new building. To all the players and to Mr. Russo, the Faculty Director, is due great praise for their untiring work. By the way, did you notice that there was no final curtain call? There's a reason. Mr. Russo is bashful, and hung onto those curtains for dear life. The music, under the direction of Fishgal, was indeed worthy of the applause it received. Art Kruger's work as stage manager was creditable. The school is greatly indebted to the courtesy of the Morgan Furniture Company, which supplied us with first-class pieces.

—B. F. D.

## Alumni Notes

'62—Moorfield Storey, formerly President of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is counsel for the defense in the Corrigan-Curtis Race Segregation Case, now before the United States Supreme Court. While at the Latin School, Mr. Storey was the recipient of a Franklin medal.

\* \* \* \* \*

'84—Congressman James Ambrose Gallivan of Massachusetts recently made some strong criticisms on the methods of prohibition enforcement in the House.

\* \* \* \* \*

'89—David Saville Muzzey, Jr., the son of David Saville Muzzey, B. L. S. '89, recently announced his engagement to Miss Virginia Reynolds of Charleston, S. C.

\* \* \* \* \*

'94—General Edward Lawrence Logan is one of the Vice-Presidents of the new Boston Army and Navy Club.

\* \* \* \* \*

'03—Forrest Ford Harbour recently wrote an editorial in the *Boston Herald* on "Pinchot's Fall."

\* \* \* \* \*

'09—John Joseph Connolly, Jr., is a Junior Master in the Dorchester High School for Boys.

\* \* \* \* \*

'11—Wilfred Frederick Kelley, formerly one our Junior Masters, is head of the History Department in the Dorchester High School for Boys.

\* \* \* \* \*

'25—Let us congratulate David M. Owens. He was second on the Freshman Honor Roll at Harvard.

\* \* \* \* \*

The November number of the *Massachusetts Law Quarterly*, the publication of the Massachusetts Bar Association, contained an article by Frank W. Grinnell, Secretary of the Association, entitled "The Government of Massachusetts Prior to the Federal Constitution."

\* \* \* \* \*

Carleton E. Noyes is the author of "The Genius of Israel," published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

\* \* \* \* \*

A bronze tablet in memory of Elmer E. Southard, M. D., has been placed on the wall in the main reception room of the Boston Psychopathic Hospital. Dr. Southard was the first director of that hospital, and served in that capacity from 1912 until his death in 1920. He was a prominent member of many medical organizations.

\* \* \* \* \*

Frank O. White now has his law office at 31 Milk Street, Boston.

\* \* \* \* \*

John F. Havey has moved his office to the First National Bank Building, Federal Street, Boston.

\* \* \* \* \*

Frank B. Phinney was recently elected to the Massachusetts Legislature.



On January 19, the trials for the senior two-lap relay team were held at the heights. With three veterans from last year's team it was to be expected that there would be some fast time turned in. Everything came up to predictions, and the three veterans, Cummings, O'Brien and R. Sullivan, turned in the fastest times. These three, together with Boches, a newcomer to the school and whose ability may be shown by the fact that he ran on Lowell's relay team last year, will make up the team. Many races have been arranged for them at the various meets around Boston, and it is to be hoped that they will be able to better the first records of the other great relay teams that have won the purple stripe of the B. L. S.

On January 26 and 27, the interclass meet was held, the field events in the Drill Hall and the running events at the East Armory. Many good performances were made and several surprising happenings came to pass, the most important being in the senior hurdles, when Gaffney stumbled over the first hurdle and finished third to Dunham and Woodbury. The former made fast time for an interclass meet. Cummings won the "600," followed by Hegarty who pushed him hard all the way. McNamara won the "300" in 30 seconds. P. O'Brien finished second. Wells broke the tape in the fifty yard dash, running well ahead of his nearest rival. Beveridge showed all the form of last year and won the broad jump with a leap of 9 feet, 3 inches. On account of a misunderstanding on the part of the managers, the rest of the results were not tabulated and we regret to be without this information.

\* \* \* \* \*

### HOCKEY

On January 8, the team's third successive win in the City League series was turned in when the puck-chasers defeated Charlestown, 4 to 0. This victory put the team in a tie for first place with Dorchester and Mechanics. Not too much credit for this victory can be given to Wilson and O'Neil, who with flashing skates were always close after the puck; the former succeeded in netting three goals and the latter caged the puck once. The team must be given great credit for its showing in this game despite the absence of "Al" McGrath, who, on account of a bad cold was forced to watch the game from the side.

Two weeks later the team was tossed from first place by an unlucky defeat by Hyde Park. This defeat was entirely unexpected. The team showed a complete reversal of form and hardly seemed able to follow the puck, in fact, the team seemed to be still asleep at the early hour when the game was played and Hyde Park succeeded in scoring three goals near the beginning of the game. For the winners, Mahoney and Gordon played best, while McGrath and O'Neil seemed to outskate the rest of the team.

The summary:

<i>Hyde Park</i> 3	<i>Latin</i> 0
Gordon, Plaski, Cameron, lw	rw, Wilson
Plaski, Cameron, c	c, McGrath
Mahoney, rw	lw, Shine, O'Neil
Shanks, ld	ld, Maloney, Casey
Ricci, rd	rd, Costigan
Bagge, g	g, Flynn

Goals—By Mahoney 2, Gordon and Shine. Time—Two 13-minute periods.  
Referee, Clifford.

\* \* \* \* \*

On January 27, the team again went down to defeat, this time at the hands of Country Day. The game was fast and clean, although hindered somewhat by rough ice. On account of the lateness in starting, it became quite dark toward the close of the game, necessitating the use of the lights on the side of the rink, this rink being one of the finest and best-equipped the team has played on throughout the season.

The first score was made by McGrath, early in the first period, on a pass from O'Neil, followed by some clever stick-work. Country Day, however, evened it up and thus forged ahead in the second period, the fastest of the game. In the third period the team made many desperate attempts to tie the score, but none was successful and the game ended with Country Day still in the lead. The summary:

<i>Country Day</i> 3	<i>Latin</i> 1
Fisher, lw	lw, Shine, O'Neil
Gunison, c	c, McGrath
Kearns, rw	rw, Wilson, Roach
Ware, ld	rd, Costigan, Marmody
Johnson, rd	ld, Maloney, Casey
Ellis, g	g, Flynn, Grandfield

Goals—By McGrath, Johnson 2, Gunison. Referee, Mooney. Time—three 12-minute periods.

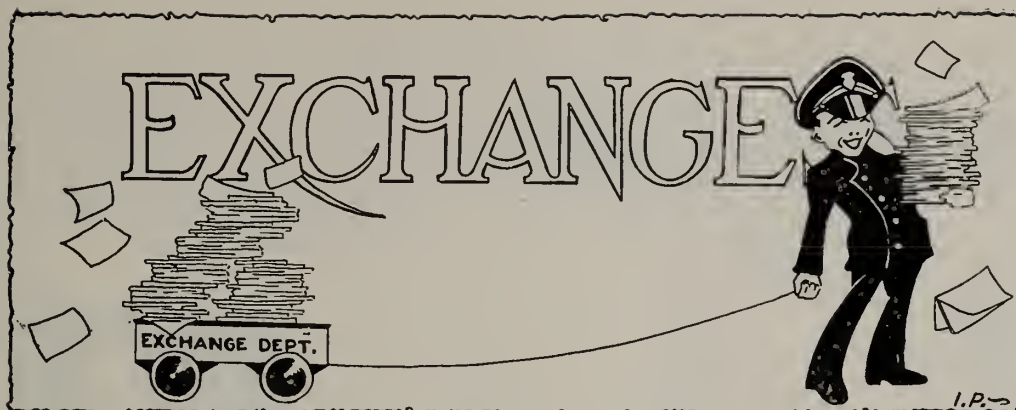
\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE RIFLE TEAM

The Rifle team started off strong at the beginning of the year, about forty fellows attending every Thursday. The classes are well represented at the courses, which are held at the Bay State School of Musketry. Although most of the courses started at the opening of the school year are almost over, new courses are starting, and a large attendance is wanted, so if you haven't already taken advantage of this fine opportunity to learn how to shoot, there is no time better than the present. It is hoped that inexperience will not hold anyone back, for none of last year's team had ever shot a rifle before going out for the team, which ended by winning the championship. There is always room for anyone who wants to learn to shoot on Thursday afternoons.

The prospects for this year's team are showing up well. Captain Gibbons, Manager Bergson, Johnson, and Brophy are the only shooters remaining from last year, and they have been doing good work in instructing newcomers. Some of the new prospects who appear to be shooting well are Collins, Beveridge, Hartnett, Lynch, Raftery, Bruce and Adler.





### AS OTHERS SEE US

A very newsy paper. You certainly have a sense of humor.—*The Shuttle*, H. S. P. A., Boston.

\* \* \*

Your paper is one of our best exchanges.—*The Goldenrod*, Quincy, H. S., Quincy, Mass.

\* \* \*

### AS WE SEE OTHERS

*The Belmont Sentinel*, Belmont High School, Los Angeles, Cal.—We enjoy your weekly Latin, French and Spanish columns. They increase our knowledge of those languages, in a slight measure. "Ravings" was pretty good—and new (to us). We suggest an Exchange column. It certainly was news to us to learn that Mr. Horton of your faculty is a brother of that stage celebrity, Edward Everett Horton.

\* \* \*

*Grotonian*, Groton School.—You have a very good idea in grouping all the literary articles together under the heading, "News." Again we suggest that you add a joke department to your excellent magazine. You must have a fine business staff to get so many and varied ads. The Christmas cover and title-page were fine.

\* \* \*

*The Noddler*, East Boston High School.—Although this paper is published only five times a year the quality of each

number makes up for the infrequency of their publication. You are lucky to have several fine poetesses, but where are the poets? We suppose the boys have to keep up the reputation of East Boston. The large numbers of photographs, cuts and cartoons makes your paper very interesting.

\* \* \*

*The Item*, Dorchester High School for Girls.—This paper, formerly edited by both girls and boys, has changed somewhat in nature and offers a contest to the *Red and Black* now published by the boys. The *Item* is now purely a literary magazine. As such we can find nothing to criticize.

\* \* \*

*The Westport Crier*, Westport High School, Kansas City, Mo.—Your editorials are conspicuous for their brevity. We noted the absence of an Exchange column. Why?

\* \* \*

*Willamette Collegian*, Willamette University, Salem, Ore.—Tell your embryo Longfellows that we send our compliments. "Sunset" was a poem which made us sit up and take notice. Your editorials are effectively and simply written. A large number of ads indicates that your Business Staff is *unusually* energetic. Add an Exchange column and organize your jokes and you'll be pretty near the goal towards which all journalists strive—perfection.

## Advertisements

# SUNSET CAMP

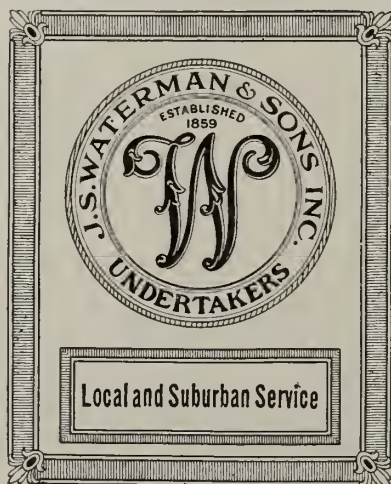
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Fach: "I know a place where there are more Italians than anywhere else in the world."

Isti: "Where?"

Fach: "Italy."

\* \* \*

"For no reason they put me in here," yelled the nut as he entered the padded cell.

\* \* \*

This: "Your place is with your uncle."

That: "But he is dead."

This: "I know it!"

\* \* \*

Judge: "Your face is familiar. Have you ever been up before me?"

Culprit: "I don't know. What time do you get up?"

\* \* \*

'30: "They say Dumbe of the Fourth Class made the team."

'31: "Well, I wouldn't say that, but of course he helped."

\* \* \*

"That's nothing," said he of Class I as he tapped the head of one of the sorry representatives of Class IV.

\* \* \*

Which: "I think a lot of you. Why I'd even give you a suit of woolen underwear."

What: "Bill, that would tickle me to death."

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\* \* \*

Italian Stude: "You haven't anything like Vesuvius in your country."

U. S. Stude: "No, but Niagara Falls could put it out in a few minutes."

\* \* \*

Him: "I'm only a small pebble in your life."

Her: "Then why not become a little boulder?"

\* \* \*

The *Register* says that the Latin School fire department is found in the Head Master's office.

\* \* \*

Isenberg: "Oh, yes, I'm in the newspaper profession now."

Sawyer: "Do you sell many in a day?"

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Why is it that, although clothes don't  
make the man, suits make the lawyer.

\* \* \*

"I have a pain in my tummy, dear!"

Said the cannibal to his mate.

"I know, I know," his wife replied;

"'Tis that sweet-grad-u-ate."

\* \* \*

A student should know that just  
because he has big feet it doesn't mean  
he's in good standing.

Union: "What are you taking for  
your cold?"

Suit: "I haven't received any offers  
yet."

\* \* \*

Bo: "What do you think of the  
Hospital Fund?"

Zo: "It appeals to me very much."

\* \* \*

"It is my turn now," said the man as  
he passed through the subway turnstile.

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Man in lunch room: "Frankforts and  
beans, please."

Waiter to Cook: "Two ropes and a  
dish of pebbles."

\* \* \*

There was a young man from the city  
Who saw what he thought was a kitty

He gave it a pat,

And soon after that,

He buried his clothes, what a pity.

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